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Day after the Wedding
Drunkard The
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Day in Paris
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" John
" Henry IV
" " VIII
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King of the Commons
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CONTENTS OF VOLUME 6.

41. LOVE AND LOYALTY.
42. THE ROBBER'S WIFE.
43. THE HAPPY MAN.
44. THE DUMB GIRL OF GENOA.
45. THE WRECK ASHORE.
46. CLARI, THE MAID OF MILAN.
47. THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.
48. WALLACE.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT, AND ACCOMPANIED BY A MEMOIR,

OF

MR. J. B. HOWE.

BOSTON:
WILLIAM V. SPENCER,
128 Washington, Cor. of Water Street.

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11

MEMOIR OF MR. J. B. HOWE.

In presenting a sketch of the popular young tragedian, Mr. J. B. Howe, we feel assured that we are gratifying the public, who are quite anxious to be made acquainted with any information relating to this gifted young actor, who has speedily become one of the greatest favorites of the play-goers of "the Athens of America." He is quite young, having been born October 23, 1828, in Charlotte Street, Pimlico, London, England. His father, Mr. T. Burdett Howe, was for many years a celebrated light comedian and vocalist, attached to the London Theatres. The subject of our sketch, though not intended for the histrionic profession, imbibed a yearning for the "sock and buskin" at an early age, and his first dramatic essay is recorded to have occurred in August, 1845, in the character of *Miles Bellerton*, in George Almar's very excellent drama of *The Rover's Bride*, on the stage of the Bower Saloon, Stangate Street, Westminster Road, London. Subsequently he played *Walter Wentworth*, in the late John Wilkins's drama of *The Green Hills of the Far West*, at the Queen's Theatre. He then proceeded to the Provinces, and assumed the position of *Juvenile Tragedian* at the Dover Theatre, at that period under the direction of Mr. Edward Laws. We next find our young hero with "Manager — Gentleman" Rogers, at Rochdale and Blackburn; then with Fitzwilliams and Sefton Parry, at Croyden, near London. His next step was to gain a foothold in the metropolis, and he applied to James Biddles, then manager of the Bower Saloon, and his services were at once accepted for the *leading business*. After a successful season at this popular theatre, he resigned his position there and joined the forces of Mr. Samuel Lane, of the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, where he became a general favorite, but suddenly conceived the idea to risk his fortunes in America, where genius is but to be known to be appreciated and rewarded. His sudden determination was scarcely conceived before it was executed; and without preparation, or indeed without making his intention known to any but his immediate friends, he embarked for this country, and arrived at New York, September 28, 1853; and without a friend to grasp by the hand, or a letter to introduce him, our energetic and zealous young adventurer, "a stranger in a strange land," made numerous unsuccessful applications to the New York managers, but finally met with that which his indomitable spirit so eminently deserved, an engagement with our esteemed friend Captain Purdy, of the National Theatre, a gentleman who is noted for his amiable qualities, and who has done as much to encourage and foster rising genius, as any manager this side of the Atlantic. The part assigned to Mr. Howe for his advent was *St. Clair*, in the drama of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, then creating a *furore* unprecedented in theatrical annals. The success which attended his delineation of this *role* for threo hundred consecutive nights, sufficiently indicated that he was an artiste of rare ability, and numerous tempting inducements to visit other cities were made him, all of which he very properly rejected until the termination of the season, when Mr. Thomas Barry, of the new Boston Theatre, solicited him to join the *corps dramatique*, about to inaugurate that high-toned and classic theatre; which he did, opening as *Colonel Britton* in *The Wonder*. During the season he made rapid progress in his art, and became a very general favorite. Among other parts in which he created a decidedly favorable impression, we may instance *Lorenzo*, in Mr. E. L. Davenport's play of *St. Marc*. From Boston he proceeded to Baltimore to "lead the business" at the Museum, opening in *Hamlet*, and creating in that difficult *role* a sensation of no ordinary character, and eliciting from a distinguished critic the most gratifying praise. After pointing out the many beauties of his readings and dramatic effects,

the critic alluded to says, "*With all the fire of Edmund Kean, the grace of Macready, and the elocution of Murdoch*, MR. HOWE *possesses an eye equal, if not superior, to them all.*"

During the period of his engagement in Baltimore, he frequently played in Washington, D. C., and upon the occasion of the production of the Equestrian Spectacular Drama of *Mazeppa*, personated the hero, and did what few do who play the part, viz., rode the runs. During this engagement he personated *Iago*, and a well-known and highly-esteemed critic in alluding to the performance, thus speaks: —

"Mr. J. B. HOWE, as *Iago*, surpassed our utmost expectations. We knew him capable of much — we knew him the possessor of fine abilities; but we should not have been much surprised to see him fail in so delicate and difficult a character. Very few of our actors have played the part with a proper conception. They have made of *Iago* a ruffianly looking scoundrel, a kind of second-hand pickpocket — with hell's worst passions engraven on his shaggy brow. But even the confiding nature of *Othello* could not have been deceived by a villany so evident and self-declared. Others have erred equally in presenting him as a smooth and sanctimonious hypocrite. The true *Iago* should be, in outward seeming, a 'prince of good fellows;' he should imitate the manner of the *preux chevaliers;* he should appear frank, kind, reckless; he should wear, if we may use the phrase, the *disguise of openness*. It is only in his retired moments that the exultation of successful falsehood, or the far-sighted plotting of future endeavor, should break unmistakeably forth This idea was well given by Mr. HOWE. His reading was excellent throughout; and his acting might have borne favorable comparison with the efforts of the first performers now on the American boards. Time and study cannot fail to correct Mr. HOWE's slight imperfections, and assign him his true and well-deserved rank. He has aimed high, and daringly; and he has struck the mark."

At the termination of this season he joined the National Theatre, Philadelphia, and played the leading business with flattering success. While here, Mr. HOWE accepted an offer of a two weeks' engagement to play the opposite parts to the celebrated Mrs. Farren, in Norfolk, Va., where his usual success attended him. At the conclusion of this engagement he was engaged by the eminent author-actor, Mr. Dion Bourcicault, at Wallack's Theatre, New York, where he rendered several parts in such a manner as to elicit the hearty and unqualified approval of the entire Sunday Press. His *Peggoty*, (a *role* entirely out of his line,) was universally pronounced by the critics superior even to the efforts of such distinguished artistes as Mr. W. R. Blake, Mr. Dyett, and others in the same character. Whilst Mr. HOWE was performing in Philadelphia, Mr. Henry Willard, of the National Theatre of this city, wrote to his agent in the former city, desiring him to engage, for the leading juvenile tragedy for the then ensuing (present) season of his theatre, "the best actor in that line in the Union, no matter at what salary." The agent, a gentleman of experience and knowledge, immediately made a proposal to Mr. HOWE, which he accepted, and opened in the character of *Wallace*, in the drama of that name, September, 1856, when the impression, created by the performance, was most favorable to the young actor, who delighted an appreciating audience by his artistic delineation of this difficult *role*. A manly face, an erect though slight figure, a rich, melodious voice, and an intensity of style, contributed to render Mr. HOWE's *Wallace* an excellent piece of acting, giving evidence of dramatic talent of the highest order. This popular historical drama, written by the late William Barrymore, was originally presented in the United States at the Bowery Theatre, New York, for the benefit of the veteran manager, Mr. James Anderson, then stage manager of that theatre, and at present at the National, in this city. The piece was produced with every scenic effect and a powerful cast, and from that time has been a favorite stock drama.

Mr. J. B. HOWE, AS "WALLACE."

SPENCER'S BOSTON THEATRE.....No. XLVIII.

WALLACE:

THE HERO OF SCOTLAND.

An Historical Drama

IN THREE ACTS.

BY

W. BARRYMORE, ESQ.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME, CAST OF CHARACTERS, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

AS PERFORMED AT

THE PRINCIPAL THEATRES IN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

BOSTON:
WILLIAM V. SPENCER,
128 WASHINGTON STREET. (CORNER OF WATER.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	National, Cincinnati, 1840.	*National, Boston,* 1845.	*National, Boston,* 1846.	*Olympic, N. O.,* 1848.	*National, Boston,* 1856.
SCOTTISH.					
Sir William Wallace,	Mr. N. B. Clarke	Mr. E. Eddy	Mr. J. A. J. Neafie	Mr. N. B. Clarke	Mr. J. B. Howe
Kirkpatrick,	" Duff	" Altemus	" T. McCutcheon	" Rynar	" C. Loveday
Allan Ramsay,	" Hennessy	" G. G. Spear	" G. G. Spear	" Grierson	" D. McMillan
Earl of Monteith,	" Anderson	" McFarland	" McFarland	" Pago	" C. Warwick
" " Athlyn,	" Smith	" E. F. Keach	" E. F. Keach	" Stone	" Becks
" " Marr,	" Henry	" W. G. Taylor	" T. Price	" Caulfield	" M. Parker
" " Fife,	" Jones	" Munroe	" Wells	" Campbell	" R. Morrow
Lord Dunrae,		" Rae	" Parsons		" Dalton
Donald,	" Stone	Miss Simms	Mrs. Bernard	Miss M. Deering	Miss Mullen
Lady Marion,	Mrs. Sefton	Miss E. Mestayer	Miss E. Mostayer	Mrs. Thompson	Mrs. H. F. Nichols
" Helen Marr,	" Sergeant	Mrs. Woodward	Mrs. Woodward	Miss Kate Meadows	Miss Mary Hill
Isabel,		" Davis	" S. D. Johnson		" Wilford
Madeline,		Miss Parker	Miss Parker	Mrs. Caulfield	Mrs. Parker
Maud,	" Altemus	Mrs. J. H. Ring	Mrs. J. H. Ring	Miss E. Deering	Miss Proscott
Peasants, Soldiers, &c.					
ENGLISH.					
Lord Cressingham,	Mr. Keene	Mr. J. R. Paullin	Mr. J. R. Paullin	Mr. Griffiths	Mr. S. M. Irwin
Gilbert Hamilton,	" McCrum	" Cartlitch	" Cartlitch	" Hickmott	" C. Strahan
Lord Saulis,	" Rynar	" J. Dunn	" Bernard	" Smith	" A. Read
Robert Mortimer,	" Wolfe	" R. Linden	" W. H. Curtis	" Smithson	" Becks
Gerald,	" Barry	" J. H. Ring	" J. H. Ring	" Hickey	" J. H. Browne

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WALLACE.

COSTUME.

Wallace — A rich steel breastplate; Scotch kilt; a Scotch scarf; flesh silk leggins; silk flesh arms and wristbands; sandals; Scotch cap and eagle or heron feather; (arms) basket-handle claymore; Scotch dagger; shield and battle axe.

Kirkpatrick — Breastplate; Scotch kilt; Scotch scarf; flesh leggins and arms; sandals; Scotch cap, heron feather; shield; basket-hilted sword and target.

Donald — The same.

Allan Ramsay — Brown old man's tunic or coat; Scotch hose; breeches; under coat; Scotch kilt; scarf and Scotch bonnet; shoes and old-fashioned buckles.

Monteith — Breastplate; kilt, &c. The same.

Earl of Athlyn — Rich Scotch dress.

Earl Marr — Scotch dress; (*vide* Wallace's dress.)

Earl of Fife — The same.

Scotch Chiefs — Rich Scotch Highland dresses.

Scotch Soldiers — Breastplates; Scotch kilts, scarfs; flesh leggins and Scotch caps; (arms) spears, swords and targets.

Scotch Peasants — Scotch jackets, kilts and scarfs; russet shoes, or sandals; caps.

Marian — Rich Scottish court dress; white satin gown; jewelled bodice; Scotch drapery. *Second Dress* — Kilt; breastplate; silk leggins; sandals; Scotch bonnet and black ostrich feathers.

Helen Marr — Rich court dress, of the old English style. *Second Dress* — Plain attire, rather of a rural character.

Maddeline — A plain Scotch peasant's garb.

Isabel — The same.

Ladies of the Court — Embroidered silk, rich ornaments, and point lace trimmings; jewels of the Thistle disposed on headdress, &c.

Cressingham — Old English armor; helmet; steel gauntlets; old English sword; armed cap-a-pie.

Gilbert Hamilton — Full armor; russet boots; steel helmet; sword and shield.

Lord Saulis — Old English armor; rich helmet; gauntlets; sword; shield; russet boots and spurs.

Robert Mortimer — The same.

Gerald — A full scale armor; helmet and old English sword; gauntlets.

English Soldiers — Breastplates and shirts; helmets; shields, swords and spears; old English russet boots.

WALLACE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *The City Walls and Gates. At the rising of the curtain shouts heard without, and* SANDY, MARR, *and* ALLAN RAMSAY *enter,* U. E. L., *surrounded by a number of peasants.*

Peasants. Well, what news? Is Wallace safe? have we gained a battle?

Allan. How the devil, neighbors, can I answer you all at once? Have but a little patience, and you shall hear every thing.

Peasants. (*Speaking together.*) Is Wallace safe? Are we victorious? The news — the news!

Allan. To set your hearts and tongues at rest, learn first — that the noble Wallace has gained a signal victory over the Lord de Warrene.

Peasants. Huzza! huzza!

Allan. In the second place, that Stirling Castle is again in our possession; and the Southrons being driven beyond our borders, the hero Wallace returns this day to receive that reward which a grateful nation is ever ready to bestow.

Peasants. Wallace! Wallace!

(*March, piano. They all go up,* L.)

Allan. Hark! 'tis Wallace comes! Come, neighbors, stand aside, and view a sight shall fill your hearts with joy. Raise your voices high, and give the hero welcome.

(*They all retire to* 1 E. L. *A grand march is struck up, a procession enters,* R., *and files off the stage; next come the chiefs of the different clans; then follows a violent shouting and flourish of warlike instruments.* WALLACE *enters, followed by the* EARL OF ATHLYN, KIRKPATRICK, GLENDOWER, MONTEITH, EARL OF FIFE, LORD DUNRAE, *and* EARL MARR.)

Wal. Thanks, generous countrymen, for this your friendly greeting. Once again have Scotland's valiant sons returned with honors thick around them — again do they enter the walls of this our faithful city as conquerors — as men whose proudest boast is that they have bled in their country's cause, and whose greatest reward is in receiving a nation's thanks.

Marr. Noble Wallace, 'tis fit that services like thine be passed not by so tamely. A generous people, rescued from the hand of tyranny by thy heroic spirit, feel that they are bound to bestow such reward as

shall carry to the remotest page of history the honorable testimony of a nation's praise.

Wal. My worthy friend, you overrate my humble services; 'tis here the meed of praise is due — to these, my gallant countrymen in arms, whose daring spirits have reaped the rich harvest of a glorious war, 'tis on them the nation's bounty should descend, and not on him who has no other claim to notice than a leader's name.

Kirk. Noble Wallace, let Kirkpatrick now be heard. As chieftain of the hardy clan of Lanarkers, I here step forward to return their claim to reward or praise. They looked not for it — they fought not for it; freedom was their aim; that object gained, they bless the heroic soul of him that first led them to the field, and taught them how to guard their native rights. Speak, therefore, gallant Earl of Marr, or our tongues, impatient at delay, will break the formal bounds of custom, and straight declare a nation's wish — a nation's gratitude!

Wal. Kirkpatrick! what is't you would do?

Kirk. An act of justice to our brave deliverer! So with one voice, we all proclaim Wallace as Scotland's hero — Scotland's regent. (*The peasants all kneel;* Wallace *raises them. Flourish. The clansmen shout. They all kneel except* Monteith *and the* Earl of Fife, *who stand together in apparent displeasure.*)

CHORUS.

Huzza! huzza! Praise Wallace to the sky,
Protector of our rights and liberty.
Long live the noble Wallace!
Long — long may our regent live!

(*During the chorus,* Wallace, *who has stood a while almost overcome, hastily gives his hand to the* Earl of Marr, Glendower, *and* Kirkpatrick.)

Wal. O my gallant countrymen! how have you rewarded me! the knowledge of possessing your loves, your confidence, amply repays me for all the perils I have undergone; but the weight of regent, on the shoulders of an individual humble as myself, robs me of half my joy. Confidently feeling that from the impulse of generous friendship you have bestowed upon me a title superior to my deserts, I conjure you to recall that proud distinction, and in the hands of one more nobly born, place a charge that ill would grace the name of humble Wallace.

Mon. Right noble sir, 'tis fit that none should bear the regent's sway except by birth entitled. Our ancient nobles would ne'er brook it to be commanded by one of menial blood. But thy becoming modesty has rescued us from such a danger: we thank you for it, and accept your resignation.

Kirk. Hold! Wallace! listen not to the voice of one whose heart ne'er knew content. I marked his conduct when on our knees we hailed you regent; erect he stood, and viewed with jealous eye what gave delight to all except himself and yon noble chieftain. But shall their voices speak for all around? No! soon shall they see that

every loyal heart approves the choice which we this day have made. Off, noble clansmen, off with your bonnets! let every loyal Scot raise high his voice to hail our gallant leader as Scotland's regent! Off, I say! (*A flourish. At* KIRKPATRICK'S *command off flies every bonnet, except* MONTEITH'S *and the* EARL OF FIFE'S, *while every clansman shouts*, "*Wallace! Huzza!*"

Wal. Hear me, valiant chiefs. Since the general voice chooses to heap this honor on my head, I should be ungrateful were I now to refuse the trust; but observe, I accept it only till a more worthy representative can be found: till then, in Heaven's presence I swear to employ the power you place within my grasp to crush the enemies of our land, and restore it to the blest enjoyment of peace.

Marr. No more — we are content. Come, friends; our object gained, we'll to the castle, and in the circle of gay festivity for a while forget the cares and dangers of a soldier's life. Come, sir, let us on; I warrant there's one who mourns our stay.

Wal. True, noble Marr — thy beauteous daughter, the lovely Helen. Ah, my friend, 'tis there alone I look for happiness; in her sweet presence can bliss alone be found.

Enter DONALD, L.

Now, your business?

Don. The lady Marian, daughter of Athlyn's earl, sends greeting to Sir William Wallace, and begs the honor of his presence at Athlyn Castle.

Wal. Our thanks are due to the Lady Marian; but a prior engagement calls us to the Earl of Marr's; there do we hold our banquet tonight, at which we shall expect to meet the Lady Marian. This message, together with this ring, as a token of esteem, bear to her from Wallace. (*Exit* DON., L.) But come, let us to the castle —

Since lovely woman is the theme,
To bliss I onward move;
Propelled by passion's flowing stream,
To banquet on sweet love.

The march strikes up — each leader heads his clan; WALLACE *and* EARL MARR *lead, followed by soldiers.*

SCENE II. — *Outside of Athlyn Castle.*

Music. — *Enter* DONALD, R., *who knocks at the castle door, which is answered by* ISABEL. DONALD *acquaints her that he has delivered his message; she is about to enter to inform the* LADY MARIAN, *when she appears,* D., *flat.*

Mar. Now, boy, speak! What answer from Sir William Wallace?

Don. Madam, he doth send you greeting back, but declines the honor of visiting Athlyn Castle, by reason of a prior engagement.

Mar. A prior engagement?

Don. At the noble Earl of Marr's, where a banquet is this night to be held.

Mar. The Earl of Marr's!

Don. Where your presence is solicited. Sir William Wallace further sends this ring, begging your acceptance.

Mar. (*Eagerly taking it.*) This ring too! (*After a pause, in which she fervently kisses it.*) Leave me. (*They retire.*) This ring — and from Wallace, too! then am I not forgotten. Ah, Marian, why do you thus torment yourself when Wallace has never given you cause to doubt his love? But then has he ever encouraged my passion? Alas! no — he looks upon me but as a friend. But then the ring! Yes, yes, — it has inspired me with fresh courage; so, come to the banquet — for there the fate of Marian shall be sealed.

So aid my love, a conqueror to subdue,
And in her turn let woman conquer too.

(*Music. Exeunt, flat door.*)

SCENE III. — *Grand Baronial Hall fitted up for the banquet, filled in all parts with soldiers and visitants. A flourish.*

Voice. (*Without.*) Room, room for the Lady Marian! (*Music.*) (MARIAN *now enters*, L., *conducted by the* EARL OF ATHLYN; *as she advances down the stage, she keeps her eye fixed on* WALLACE, *who, as she reaches the centre, advances towards her, and most respectfully salutes her hand, bows, and passes to the* EARL OF ATHLYN, *and taking him by the hand, gives him a cordial welcome; this gives* MARIAN *time to recover from her apparent agitation.* WALLACE *then turns, and presenting his hand to* MARIAN, *leads her towards the table*, L. *No sooner is she seated, and he is on the point of handing her some refreshment, than the cry of — voice without,* 1 E. L. — "*Room for the* LADY HELEN!" *Music. He starts, and, abruptly turning from* MARIAN, *perceives* HELEN; *he flies towards her, while* MARIAN, *stung with rage, rises from her seat, and leaning upon her brother's arm, appears incapable of supporting herself.* WALLACE, *by this time, has reached* HELEN, *who, with downcast eye courtesies modestly, and is led by* WALLACE *down the stage.*)

Hel. O, noble Wallace! how shall I e'er impart my thanks? what language use to give expression to the grateful feelings of my swelling heart? To thy protecting arm I owe my father's life — my country's safety! Then, noble regent, let me on my knees declare my thanks, and bless the hand that saved my father's life.

Wal. Nay, do not kneel, sweet girl. To hear you say I have performed my duty is ample recompense; and to gain the approbation of such fair excellence is far more dear to me than all the honors I have lately won.

Hel. Ah, Wallace, why seek to flatter a heart like mine? Only while a chieftain, did I e'er conceive you valued my good opinion;

but now that your valorous deeds have exalted you above the heads of all around, Helen no longer hopes, no longer expects to find within the breast of Scotland's regent sentiments that graced the name of Wallace.

Wal. O Helen! talk not thus, I conjure you — it cuts me to the soul to hear you doubt me. What though I be regent, — still I'm the chieftain Wallace — still that man whom once you called your friend, protector, brother. These are the titles, Helen, that Wallace covets and sooner than forget them would relinquish all his new-fledged honors, retaining only those he hardly won on the field of glory Such are the sentiments of him whose truth till now you never questioned.

Hel. O Wallace! I ne'er did doubt thy truth — I only wished to prove thy heart, and sought this expedient to try what effect new created honors would produce; the trial has proved you worthy of such honors, and Helen now with pride accepts Wallace as her friend and brother.

Wal. Thanks! thanks! this is indeed the hour of bliss. (*Music.*) Hark! the sounds of revelry invite us to partake of the festive scene. Come, Helen, you I select o'er the ceremonies to preside.

Hel. But, noble sir, there are many ladies here of rank, that should precedence take of me.

Wal. Talk not of rank! The brightest gem that can adorn the throne is virtue, and that alone should take precedence. Thee then, do I select, and conscious feel none can dispute the claim of Helen Marr. (*Music.* WALLACE *leads* HELEN *to the throne, during which the breast of* MARIAN *seems torn with contending passions;* ATHLYN *endeavors to console her, but in vain. The whole company drink except* MARIAN *and* ATHLYN, *the latter of whom appears anxious to prevent* MARIAN — *who has risen to quit the scene — from leaving the banquet. As* WALLACE *seizes his goblet, his eye fixes on* MARIAN; *he advances towards her.*)

Wal. Speak, Athlyn's earl — what calls thy beauteous sister hence? Has our banquet no charms to secure her presence for one short hour? Fair lady, you must not quit us yet.

Mar. O, my presence cannot be required while Helen Marr presides. Her transcendent beauty and superior virtue have so won upon your heart, that my absence will ne'er be noticed.

Wal. What mean you, lady?

Mar. To fly from one who now bestows no thought on Marian.

(*Exit*, L.)

(WALLACE, *as she exits, stands lost in amazement, till the sound of music rouses him from his revery.*)

Hel. Come, my lord — the dancers are ready, and do but wait your leisure.

Wal. Fair hostess, I attend you. (*After a pause.*) Now then, strike! (*Ballet dance — at the conclusion of which* KIRKPATRICK'S *voice is heard without, crying, "To arms! To arms!" Music.* WALLACE *darts from his seat, and each chieftain rises.*) What means this cry?

Enter KIRKPATRICK, L.

Kirk. To arms! to arms! Mighty regent, a numerous host of Southrons, under the command of daring Cressingham, have suddenly crossed our borders, and, joining the routed troops of De Warrene, are now advancing with a force of twenty thousand strong.

Wal. Then must we beat them back again! Break up the banquet! Arm! arm! my friends! Fly, noble Marr, to Lord Dunrae; bid him advance with all the haste he can, and check the progress of these fierce invaders. Kirkpatrick, summon quickly our hardy clansmen to the field, and meet me at the city's gates. This instant will we commence our march. Away, my friends! (*Hurry. The several chiefs hurry from the scene.* WALLACE *is about to follow, and reaches half way up the staircase, when, recollecting himself, he returns and views* HELEN *standing in grief. Slow music, then hurry; rushing down the staircase he catches her in his embrace.* HELEN *clings to him, unwilling to part.* WALLACE *at length breaks from her, and rushes up the staircase, where he bids her a last farewell.* HELEN, *broken hearted, watches his departure as the scene closes.*)

SCENE IV. — *Castle, with Ramparts overlooking the Sea.*

Enter CRESSINGHAM, 1 E. L., *followed by* ROBERT MORTIMER, GILBERT HAMILTON, *officers, and soldiers.*

Cres. Let these letters be straight conveyed to the Lord de Warrene; they bear instructions for him to delay advancing till he further hears from me; delay not, for they are of pressing nature. (*Exit officer,* R. H.) My friends, draw round, while I impart tidings that will rejoice you much. This packet, which in my hand I hold, is from the Lord Monteith — one of Scotland's greatest nobles, now serving under the chieftain Wallace. In it he bitterly complains against this same hero — who it now appears bears the name of regent — calling him upstart, and sole instigator of this bloody war, which he says will never cease till Wallace be destroyed.

Mor. But how to be accomplished? His daring spirit has gained the hearts of all; each hardy Scot seems devoted to his service.

Cres. In that you are deceived. The ancient nobles murmur much that one of birth obscure should o'er their heads a sovereign's power wield.

Mort. Then why not crush that power which so much they do complain of?

Cres. Such is their intent when opportunity offers.

Mort. Opportunity?

Cres. Which is not far distant — for by this the Lord Monteith informs me that the Earl of Fife, Lord Dunrae, Glendower, and numerous other chieftains, have met in council and resolved to depose this new-sprung regent, strip him of his authority, join their force to ours, and by one blow crush his infant power.

Mort. But can Monteith be trusted?

Cres. Of that you shall be convinced. The Lord Saulis ere this has seen Monteith, and on his return I shall be able more fully to explain; in the mean time, my friends, let us not relax in our exertions, but forward march to meet this daring Scot, and by art accomplish what force cannot. (*Music.* — *Exeunt,* R.)

SCENE V. — *A Landscape at Sunrise.* — *Music.*

Enter MARIAN, L., *disguised as a warrior, attended by her domesties. By looking off the stage she ascertains she is near to the camp of* WALLACE, *and desires* ISABEL *to leave her.* ISABEL *endeavors to urge her return, but in vain.*

Mar. Now leave me, Isabel, for I am near the camp.

Isabel. Will no entreaties, madam, induce you to forego this perilous enterprise? Let us retrace our steps, and seek a refuge from the clash of hostile arms.

Mar. Ah, Isabel! I know my chance of happiness rests on shallow grounds — therefore do I venture on this last resource; but this is my intent — to pass myself for a youthful warrior, who, eager to fight my country's battles beneath the standard of so noble a leader, begs to be employed; thus shall I be ever near to Wallace, and by practising those arts I feel possessed of, in time I may win his friendship; thus by degrees proceed till Marian so gains upon his heart she may her sex disclose, and bid defiance to the charms of Helen. (*Music piano.*) Hark! what sounds are those? Yes, yes! the regal banner denotes the approach of Wallace. Away, Isabel, or dread my displeasure. (*The march becomes louder.* ISABEL *kneels to* MARIAN *and solicits her return.* MARIAN *refuses, and forces her from the scene as the troops of* WALLACE *enter on the stage. When they are formed,* WALLACE *appears, followed by* KIRKPATRICK, MONTEITH, EARL OF FIFE, GLENDOWER, EARL MARR, LORD DUNRAE, &c. *As they advance down the stage the eye of* WALLACE *fixes on* MARIAN.)

Wal. Kirkpatrick, know you yon stranger?

Kirk. No, great sir, but by his garb should I judge him to be of noble origin. I'll speak to him. Stranger, our regent — in whose presence now you stand — seeks to learn your name and business here within our camp. (*Exit,* 1 E. L H.)

Mar. My name must remain a secret — my business is with the hero, Wallace.

Wal. Leave us a while alone, my friends — myself will question him. (*He motions, and they exit,* R. *and* L. 2 *and* 3 E.) Now, gallant youth, we are alone — speak your business. What induced you to quit your home and seek the tented field?

(MARIAN *pauses for a while, displaying agitation; but, recollecting the character she had assumed, draws forth a letter and presents it to* WALLACE.)

(*Reads.*) "The bearer of this has felt the pangs of disappointed love. Show some pity to a heart distressed, by granting the boon required. Do this, and you will add to the happiness of Marian."

(*During this*, MARIAN *watches attentively the countenance of* WALLACE; *she appears greatly agitated.*) What is it you desire, noble youth?

Mar. To attend on the leader, Wallace, and fight beneath his banner.

Wal. It shall be so; and in honor of the Lady Marian you shall bear the royal standard — a post of honor, and nearest to my person. (*Music.* — MARIAN, *in her transport of joy at the success of her plan, falls on her knees, catches hold of the hand of* WALLACE *and kisses it* — WALLACE *appears astonished at her conduct, but before he has time to notice it,* KIRKPATRICK'S *voice is heard without.*)

Kirk. (*Without.*) Where's the noble Wallace? Quick! quick! noble sir, to the field — the Southrons are already in sight. Our clansmen view their approach with joy, and with eager voice cry aloud for Wallace!

Wal. Thanks, Kirkpatrick, for the news — it glads me much to hear they are so near. Hie thee hence, brave kinsman — secure the rising ground — there let our men be marshalled. (*Exit* KIRK, R. 3 E.) Now, Cressingham, I come! Thrice have we in dreadful combat met —

> We'll meet a fourth, nor he nor I will yield
> Till one a corse lies prostrate on the field.

(*Music.* — *Exeunt*, R.)

SCENE VI. — *An immense Waterfall, over which is thrown an Alpine Bridge.*

At the opening of the Scene the bridge, rocks, and stage appear covered with Scottish soldiery. A flourish and Scottish march is heard, which brings on MONTEITH, EARL OF FIFE, LORD DUNRAE, GLENDOWER, EARL MARR, KIRKPATRICK, *and* MARIAN, *who being arranged,* WALLACE *enters, followed by the* EARL OF ATHLYN.

Wal. Ay, this looks well! thanks, valiant chieftains, for your care. Now, noble Earl of Marr, where have you left your lovely daughter?

Marr. At a village distant scarce a mile. So confident does she feel of victory, no entreaties of mine can induce her to quit the spot.

Wal. Well! let but every heart prove true, she shall not be disappointed. Noble Earl of Marr, your troops are stationed on the right; this youth goes with you — he bears my standard. Yours, Athlyn, occupy ground to the right — away, I say! (*March.* — *Exeunt* MARR, MARIAN, *and* ATHLYN, L.) Now, chieftains, you who here around me stand, attend to these my final orders. The Lord Monteith, the noble Earl of Fife, and you, Glendower, will form the reserve.

Mon. Such is your plan! and which of the noble chieftains here present lead the van?

Wal. That post is mine, as Scotland's regent.

Mon. I stir not hence! I demand you yield the vanguard to one more nobly born.

Wal. Monteith?

Mon. Yes, 'tis he who speaks — and one whose voice shall here be

heard. Mark me, Wallace! Ambition has proved thy ruin — your authority we disown — nor will we raise a sword to check the advance of Edward.

Wal. Is this Monteith? it cannot be! (*Monteith turns aside with contempt.*) Noble Earl of Fife. (*He turns aside.*) You, too! Clansmen! countrymen! noble, daring Scots! will you stand tamely by and see your leader treated thus? By Heavens! not a word — then am I betrayed, and Scotland's ruined by means of traitors!

Mon. Traitors!

Wal. Ay, traitors! But shall Wallace be frightened out of his authority? No! your regent's name I bear, and while I live will exercise his power! I know who placed me here. The people! and while they will my stay, neither man nor devil shall stir me hence. (*Striking his battle axe on the ground.*) So march, chieftains, to meet your country's foes, or, by my soul, the first that does refuse, to the earth I'll cleave him, a terrible example of disobedience.

Mon. Monteith, then, doth refuse! Now, Wallace, do thy worst!

Wal. Am I defied? (*Hurry and chord. — He snatches up his battle axe, and is about to kill* MONTEITH; *at that instant the several chieftains draw their swords, and rush towards* WALLACE *to destroy him.*) Ah! this is true rebellion! Well! Let him advance who dares — for by Heaven I swear, the first who moves one step towards me, that instant shall he fall beneath my feet. (*They hesitate.*) What, do you hesitate? do you dread to die? O, ye half-bred Scots! Hence, from my sight! Hence, cowards as you are!

Mon. Wallace, we acknowledge ourselves your debtors, so cannot take your life; but all authority you must now resign — no longer are you regent of Scotland. These are the sentiments of all around — so, Wallace, farewell.

Wal. Hold! Comrades, pause, I conjure you, ere you commit a deed shall blast forever the fair fame ye have so hardly earned. Let not, I beseech ye, a nation suffer for a private quarrel — rather plunge your swords into this bosom, and with my death let your wrath subside. Remember, countrymen, your honor. (*Shouts without.*) Hark! the glorious sound of war now rushes on my ear! Pause not — victory is within your grasp! Be firm to-day, and Scotland will be free.

Mon. Wallace, you plead in vain! Your die is cast — to your fate we leave you. (*The chieftains and troops now leave the stage, while the noise of war is heard without.* WALLACE, *half frantic, views the scene with horror.*)

Wal. Traitors! will you desert your country? They do! they do! and Scotland's honor is lost forever. (*Shouts heard without.*) Those shouts proclaim advantage gained. Gods! our ranks are broken! our clansmen fly! Hide me, earth! let me not see my country's shame! (*Casts himself on the ground. The Scotch and English enter fighting.* WALLACE *rises, and with* KIRKPATRICK *singles out an English leader — they fight — the Scotch are driven off,* WALLACE *and* KIRKPATRICK *still fighting.* KIRKPATRICK *beats his man off; at the same moment* EARL MARR *enters fighting, and as* WALLACE *disarms the man, the earl is slain.* WALLACE *perceives him fall, and goes to his assistance.*)

Marr. Wallace! I die — remember Helen — to your care I com-

mit her — bear to her my blessing. Farewell! — O! (*Dies.* WALLACE *stands mourning over* EARL MARR, *when* CRESSINGHAM *and* GILBERT HAMILTON *enter; they see* WALLACE, *recognize him, and make the attack.* WALLACE *defends himself, but in the end is beat down, when* MARIAN *enters behind, and standing guard over him, allows him to rise.* — *Tableau.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Range of Mountains, at the foot of which runs a Stream. On* R. *stands* ALLAN RAMSAY'S *cottage, with balcony projecting from first-floor window — an arbor,* 2 E. L. H. *At the rising of the curtain,* HELEN *is discovered, playing a plaintive song on the harp: as she is finishing the air, the clock of a neighboring kirk strikes "seven."* KIRKPATRICK *counts the hour.* — *Music.*

Kirk. How's this? — seven o'clock, and Allan not yet returned — what can detain him? (*Observes* HELEN *quit the harp.*) That's right, lady; I'm glad you've left your harp — that strain ne'er fails to make you sad. Why not play something merry? — something to raise the spirits, not depress them?

Hel. Have I not experienced the direful effects of Edward's fierce invasion? My father, Kirkpatrick — my poor father — his protection is lost to me forever!

Kirk. True, lady; but ere his heroic soul flew to the mansion of the blessed, he bequeathed his greatest treasure, a fond, affectionate daughter, to the care of Scotland's greatest friend, the noble Wallace. The charge he accepted, vowed to protect you, and though you lost your sire, yet in Wallace you will find a father.

Hel. But should the chance of war rob me of Wallace, to whom, then, can Helen fly for protection?

Kirk. Why, to the first person you meet; the daughter of a noble earl, who fell in his country's cause, will surely find a friend in every Scottish breast. But you talked of fresh dangers, lady; what new enterprise has Sir William now in view? The late proclamation stripped him of all authority, and prohibited every Scotchman, on pain of death, from taking up arms with Wallace.

Hel. True, Kirkpatrick, but the flame of patriotism is not yet extinguished — a daring band, who have often fought and conquered under the banner of Scotland's hero, still remain true to their gallant leader. The daring Malcolm discovered the retreat of Wallace, and casting himself at the feet of his noble chief, urged him to lead them, as he had often done before, to victory. Wallace refused, and for a while stood firm in his resolve; but at length, the entreaties of Douglass, and the tears of the soldiery, won him to their purpose — he consented — the soldiers shouted, and as his sword from the scabbard flew, they swore to own no other leader.

Kirk. What! Wallace again in arms? Then, haughty Southrons,

beware! the tempest gathers, and soon will burst with tenfold fury on your heads. O, if there be a heart in all Scotland, that at these glad tidings would not rally round his native standard, let him be forever branded with the name of traitor! But come, lady, what say you? — shall we in to supper? As this is to be the last night we are to pass together beneath yon roof, at all events we'll strive to make it a cheerful one. (*Music, piano.*) And see, here comes old Allan; his presence will enliven us, for his spirits are like yonder stream, always in full flow. (*Music, forte.*)

Enter Allan, R. *to* L., *over bridge.*

Well, Allan, how fares it? We are all glad you are arrived. (*Observing him sorrowful.*) How now! what ails you? speak — explain.

Hel. Has any new misfortune befallen us?

Allan. No, lady; nothing new, only some of our old luck returned.

Hel. What mean you? — speak, I beseech you.

Allan. Thus it is, then. On my return from the city, as is my usual custom, I made my evening call on Maddeline — having passed an hour in social converse with her, I was preparing to depart, when suddenly open flies the door, and in starts a tall, rough Southron, who, without further ceremony, seated himself in a chair, exclaiming, "I, John Brown, take possession of this cottage in the name of Edward I., King of England and Scotland!"

Kirk. King of Scotland, indeed!

Allan. That's just what I said. "King of Scotland!" says I, my blood boiling with rage; "King of Scotland, indeed! let him first win the crown ere he wears it." "That he soon will do," was the reply — "you have no Wallace, now, to fight your battles — his doom is sealed — a scaffold will be his reward!" and as he said these words, put this into my hand. (*Shows the following scroll:* "Two Thousand Pounds Reward for Wallace, Dead or Alive!")

Hel. Vindictive Edward! when will thy persecutions cease?

Allan. Alas! I fear not here, lady; for in my way home, I learned that the main body of Edward's forces are distant scarce three miles; whilst numerous small parties, urged by the high price set on Wallace's head, scour the country round; nor house nor cottage do they leave unsearched.

Kirk. Our foes so near! — then must we quit this spot to-night.

Hel. To-night! nay, this instant, good Kirkpatrick. (*Horn sounds.*) Hark! that well-known sound — 'tis Wallace! The hero comes. (*Lively music. — The signal is recognized by* Helen; *her joy appears excessive; she flies with rapid steps up the rock, and is soon enclosed in the arms of* Wallace, *who is followed by* Marian. *After a pause of mutual sympathy, they descend. On reaching the stage old* Allan *falls on his knees.* Wallace, *perceiving him, hastily strives to raise him.*)

Allan. (R.) Welcome, Scotland's deliverer! Welcome, noble Wallace!

Wal. Rise, worthy man; that posture, to one so much thy debtor, causes pain; as it reminds me of obligations which now I am unable to repay.

Allan. Name it not, I pray you, noble sir. I do but perform my duty. O that every Scot would do the same!

Wal. Now, Kirkpatrick, what news?

Kirk. Allan informs me that the reënforcements sent by Edward are distant scarce three miles.

Wal. That is known to me already; they have set a price, too, on my head. Well, no matter; the time is now arrived to retrieve our last misfortunes. Ere to-morrow's sun shall set, we'll pour such an unexpected host on the straggling force of De Warrene as shall shake the aspiring hopes of Edward to the very centre — but hie thee, Kirkpatrick, to the Earl of Douglass — at the foot of yon mountain he waits to conduct you to a spot where lie concealed a host of loyal Scots. This gallant youth, to whom I owe my life, will guide you; but return with all possible speed; you'll find me here, or at Maddeline's cottage. Away, good Kirkpatrick. (*Music.* — MARIAN *points the way,* L. U. E., *and leads him over the mountain,* L., *followed by old* ALLAN, *who stands watching their departure.*) My Helen, what fears do I not undergo on thy account, exposed to the horrors of an endless war — without a home — no friend, but one, to guard thee in the hour of peril! A tempting price, too, set upon my head, like a common criminal.

Hel. O Wallace! Wallace! couldst thou have foreseen this stroke of fate, never should the ties of soft affection have obtained so strong a hold upon my heart. Do you then repent the promise made my father? If so, Helen releases you; could she but remove one load from the broken heart of Wallace, with resignation would she bow to the severest frowns of fortune. Go, noble soul, obtain thy country's freedom, and when the battle's strife is over, bestow but a thought on humble Helen, and she is happy.

Wal. (L.) What, sweet girl! think'st thou I'll e'er be parted from you? O, never! for in thy blest society, Helen, do I find a balm to ease my aching heart — without thee, the fire that now animates my breast would cease to burn, and all the hero die within me.

Hel. (R.) Fate, then, decides it — the tie of affection is indissoluble; we will never part.

Wal. Never! Hear me, thou wise and just Omnipotent! hear a devoted servant before thy throne declare that whatever situation the chance of war may place him in, never to forget his vow to Helen. (*By this time,* ALLAN, *who has been watching the departure of* KIRKPATRICK, *turns to descend; in coming down, he perceives some one approaching from* R. U. E.)

Allan. Ah! what do I see? By Heavens, 'tis the enemy!

Wal. We are surprised, then!

Allan. Away! away! the foe's at hand.

Hel. Go! then, Wallace — fly, while yet 'tis in your power.

Wal. What, leave thee, Helen?

Hel. O, let not that detain you; 'tis not my life they seek, but thine; then fly, my benefactor! — remember, the fate of Scotland depends on thy safety — remember, Helen only lives while thou art free!

Allan. Hold — be not alarmed; my fears are groundless; 'tis only a straggler from the camp; retire into the cottage; he soon will pass,

and you may venture forth in safety. Quick, quick! — in, I say! (*Music, piano.* — HELEN *joins* ALLAN *in entreating, and* WALLACE *goes into cottage.*) So, now, lady, seat yourself at the table; banish fear from your countenance, and all will yet be well. (*Music forte.* — HELEN *seats herself, and begins to work, while* ALLAN *busies himself about the arbor; the English soldier, in crossing the bridge, is attracted by* ALLAN, *working at the bower,* L.)

Ger. Ah, a cottager here! That's fortunate. I'll descend and reconnoitre. (*While the soldier is descending,* HELEN *crosses to* ALLAN.)

Hel. Allan, we are lost! He is coming to search the cottage!

Allan. Hush! Calm your fears. He is but one; and it will be hard, indeed, if we can't master him.

Ger. (GERALD *descends.*) A pleasant place enough, truly. A wench, too; and, by the mass, a handsome one! O, this will do well! (*Goes to* ALLAN, *and slaps him on the back.*) How now, Scot?

Allan. How now, Southron! Your business?

Ger. Are you the owner of yonder cottage?

Allan. I am. What then?

Ger. What then! Why, I shall be your guest to-night.

Allan. Indeed! I suppose you'll wait till you are asked.

Ger. Not I, truly. We soldiers don't stand upon such ceremony; so to the point at once. You know I am your enemy; as such am sent forward to look for quarters. Now, this cottage just suits my fancy; so here I'll halt, and take my abode. (*Puts his cap on the table,* C.)

Hel. What! Here, say you?

Ger. Ay, pretty one. Three more of my comrades are at hand; they, too, will join us; and then we shall have quite a snug family party. What say you, lass? Shan't we be very comfortable?

Hel. I fear not. This unexpected visit has somewhat discomposed us.

Allan. Besides we have only two beds in the house, one of which my daughter occupies, and I the other.

Ger. O, don't be uneasy! We will make a shift with them for a night or two. We are not particular.

Allan. Impudent knave!

Ger. But as to provisions, I own I am somewhat nice; so, with your permission, I'll just enter the cottage and overhaul your cupboards. (*As he finishes the sentence, he goes towards the cottage, and succeeds in opening the door before* ALLAN *reaches him; he catches a glimpse of* WALLACE, *and starts.*) Ah! what did I see? A man, (*chord,*) and armed too. (*Chord.*) Perhaps 'tis Wallace. I must be satisfied. (*Chord.* — *As he goes to enter,* ALLAN *steps between him and the door.*)

Allan. You pass not here.

Ger. Stand aside, old man, or by hell I swear! not e'en thy age shall protect thee from my fury!

Allan. Dost thou threaten, haughty Southron? Then learn to dread an old man's vengeance! Draw, villain! and defend thyself!

Ger. Is it so? Come on then! (*Music. — They fight.* ALLAN *is unable to withstand the furious attack of his adversary; he is beat to the ground.* HELEN *shrieks.*)

Hel. Save him, Wallace! save him! or Allan dies! (*The sound of* WALLACE'S *name attracts the attention of the soldier from his prostrate adversary; he turns as* WALLACE *rushes from the cottage.*)

Wal. Hold!

Ger. Ah! Wallace here! then the reward is mine! (*Sounds horn; he has just time to sound a sturdy blast with his horn, when* WALLACE *attacks him with the fury of a lion. The fight is obstinate; at length the advantage of* WALLACE *is apparent. He beats his adversary back towards the stream, at which spot the sword of* WALLACE *strikes him to the heart, and falling into the water, he sinks to rise no more.* WALLACE *stands mute a while, but is aroused by the voice of the soldiers hallooing without.* HELEN *rushes up the rock.*)

Hel. (*Looking out.*) Distraction! His comrades are at hand; they now ascend the rock; they are here; quick! Conceal yourself, or we are lost! (HELEN *distractedly forces* WALLACE *into the cottage, and then falls, almost fainting, into the arms of* ALLAN, *who has just time to recover her, when the soldiers appear on the bridge from* R. H. U. E., *crossing* L. H.)

Gil. I think the sound came from somewhere hereabouts.

Saul. I think so too; but here are peasants; they, perhaps, can give us information. (*Music. — They descend and enter,* L. U. E.) Tell us, Scotchman, have you seen an English soldier pass this way?

Allan. I saw one a little time ago, a tall, rough-looking sort of a fellow, who hailed me from yonder bridge, while I was working here below. He wanted quarters, I think he called it, for himself and three comrades.

Saul. Ay, that's he; and here, then, I suppose, we pitch our tents.

Allan. O, no! at one glance he saw my cottage was too small to accommodate so many; so, without descending from the bridge, he determined to pursue his course to the entrance of the next village, where he is sure to meet with accommodation.

Gil. (*Gazing on* HELEN.) Well, for my part, I am well contented where I am, and would put up with any inconvenience sooner than part with such sweet company.

Saul. Why, as you say, comrade, the company would be agreeable enough if we could find a petticoat apiece; but one among three, you know, would but create a quarrel; so we will e'en seek out Gerald. I warrant he has dropped into some snug place or other.

Gil. Leave him alone for that: he had always a taste for the water's side. I wish we were with him.

Allan. And so do I, upon my soul. (*Aside.*)

Saul. (*To* ALLAN.) Which road did you say he took?

Allan. Why, gentlemen, if I guess right, he must have gone with the stream. Follow its course, and most likely you will find him.

Saul. Thank you. Good night! (*Music. — They prepare now to depart.* SAULIS *calls* GILBERT, *who appears to be paying great atten-*

tion to HELEN, *and bids him follow; he rises sulkily, and, bidding adieu to* HELEN, *whose spirits begin to rise, proceeds towards the bridge.*)

Gil. (*Suddenly stops.*) Hold, comrades!

Saul. What now?

Gil. Why, it's well for you there's one thoughtful person in company. Two thousand pounds are not worth looking for, I suppose. Have you forgotten Wallace?

Saul. In truth, it had escaped me; but it is not too late. Scotchman, we must search your cottage for the traitor Wallace. You, too, must assist me. Take your station at the door; on no account suffer a soul to pass until examined by me. You, Gilbert ——

Gil. Ay, ay; I'll keep guard on the outside. You know I hate garrison duty: the open field for me.

Saul. Well, well, be it so.

Hel. If you please, sir, I'll accompany you through the different rooms.

Gil. No, my pretty maid; you will stay and keep me company. They will manage to find the way, I warrant them.

Saul. O, we want no assistance. (*Music. — They proceed towards the door, and enter. As* ALLAN *attempts to follow, the guard stops him — he appears at first a little at a loss, but recovering himself, quits the doorway willingly — in going towards the centre of the stage, occasionally he turns towards the cottage, when he perceives* WALLACE *up at the window — he motions him to keep back.* WALLACE *disappears.* ALLAN *seems quite at a loss — at length his eye fixes on the ladder reclining against the bower — how to get to the window he knows not — recollects the wine which he brought from the village, hastily gives the flask to* GILBERT — *he accepts it, and whilst drinking,* ALLAN *says to* HELEN, —)

Allan. Try and keep his attention from the cottage. (*She hastily determines on it — runs to her harp, placed opposite to the cottage, and as the soldier takes the flask from his mouth, and is turning to give it to* ALLAN, *she strikes a chord on the instrument, which instantly withdraws his attention — she plays; he appears rivetted to the spot.* WALLACE *appears at the window, and motions that they are coming up stairs.* ALLAN *hastens to the bower, procures the ladder, places it against the window.* WALLACE *descends in safety, but no sooner has he reached the ground, and* ALLAN *has removed the ladder, than* SAULIS *appears at the window above.* WALLACE *hides in the bower.* SAULIS *having quitted the window,* ALLAN *tells* WALLACE *of it — he leaves the bower, and exits over the bridge, when* SAULIS *comes from the cottage.*)

Saul. There's no Wallace to be found; so come along; Gerald will be out of all patience at our delay.

Gil. Well, you need not hurry one so. (*Drinks.*) Stay. (*Goes towards the table to put the flask down, when he discovers Gerald's cap.*) What the devil have we got here? A cap — by Heavens, 'tis Gerald's! How came you in possession of this cap? Answer quickly.

Allan. That cap — I — I ——

Gil. No hesitation — out with it — some foul play has been practised here.

Saul. (*Goes to the water's edge.*) Your suspicions are just, comrade; behold, the river's bank is stained with Gerald's blood!

Gil. Blood! (*Music. — They rush towards* ALLAN, *and are about to stab him.* HELEN *stays his arm.*)

Hel. For mercy's sake, forbear — he is innocent!

Gil. 'Tis false — despatch him!

Hel. Mercy! (WALTER *is about to strike.*)

Saul. Hold! 'tis fit this matter be examined by our commander; if Gerald appears not to-morrow, yon ruffian dies — so away with them.

Hel. (*As she is seized.*) Whither would you drag me?

Saul. To the English camp; so forward instantly.

Hel. Nay, you shall not tear me from my home.

Gil. Do you resist? then by force we'll bear you hence.

Hel. Mercy! spare me! help! help! (*Music.*)

(KIRKPATRICK *appears above — he rushes over the bridge, and shortly enters. The English party seem struck with astonishment, and quitting* HELEN, KIRKPATRICK *gets before her, and stands in a defensive attitude — the Southrons prepare to attack, when* ALLAN, *perceiving his sword lying on the ground, seizes it, and catching hold of* WALTER *by the throat, casts him to the earth; thus reducing the combat, man to man; but by the time* WALTER *rises,* KIRKPATRICK *has slain his adversary, and thus the combat is again brought equal. The combat continues till old* ALLAN *is wounded, and falls — the two then attack* KIRKPATRICK, *during which,* MARIAN *appears above, and descends.* HELEN *runs to her, begging* MARIAN *to assist* KIRKPATRICK, *instead of which she furiously seizes* HELEN, *and drags her from the scene over the bridge. Old* ALLAN *attempts to follow, but in vain — he faints from the loss of blood, and falls.* KIRKPATRICK *by this time has driven off the Southrons, and re-enters. He misses* HELEN — *perceives* ALLAN, *tells him of what has happened, but fainting,* KIRKPATRICK *conveys him into the cottage, and then flies over the mountain after* HELEN.)

SCENE II. — *A Landscape.*

Music, hurry. — Enter MARIAN, R., *with her visor down, dragging in* HELEN — *she resists, but the strength of* MARIAN *proves superior.* HELEN, *finding it useless to strive to escape, determines to try the effect of entreaties — she falls on her knees, and catching hold of the hand of* MARIAN, *bathes it with her tears.* MARIAN *withdraws it with contempt, expressing her hate for* HELEN. HELEN, *unable to divine the cause, asks* MARIAN *to explain, which she does by presenting the following scroll:* "HELEN must remain my prisoner till WALLACE and MARIAN are united!" HELEN *reads the scroll; but when she comes to the concluding words, she casts it on the ground with contempt.* MARIAN *appears highly exasperated.*

Mar. Beware, Helen; you are on the brink of destruction, and one thing alone can save you. Promise never to be the bride of Wallace, and still you may be free; but, if obstinately bent on your own un-

doing, you do refuse my offer, then is your fate irrevocably fixed; so decide at once.

Hel. Think not, monster, thy threats can awe the soul of Helen. No! she disdains to fear; nor should the prospect of a lingering death force her to compliance; so hear the determination of Helen Marr — hear her swear, while life exists, never to renounce her vows to Wallace!

Mar. Your doom is sealed. (*Music.* — MARIAN *seizes* HELEN, *and is about to force her off, when footsteps are heard.* HELEN *exclaims,* "Ah, succor near — save me! save me!" — *Hurry.* — GILBERT *and* SAULIS *now enter.* HELEN *rushes towards them.* MARIAN *pursues her, drags her back, and stands in an attitude of defence before her.*)

Gil. 'Tis she, by heavens! (*Darts towards her.* MARIAN *shows resistance.*) How! Do you show resistance! down with him!

Mar. Hold! What would you, Southron?

Gil. You female is our prisoner — yield her instantly.

Mar. Your prisoner!

Gil. Ay, and for an offence which she must answer with her life; so yield, I say. (*Chord.* — *Here* GILBERT *and* SAULIS *seize* HELEN.)

Hel. For mercy's sake, spare me — I am innocent!

Saul. Away with her.

Mar. Hold, Southrons! I have something to disclose concerns your interest greatly.

Gil. What mean you, Scot?

Mar. (*Aside.*) Yes, it shall be so. (*Crosses to* R.) And one act shall rid me of my rival forever. You need not, Southrons, be told how much is due to those Scots who boldly stepped forward to aid the cause of England's king; to that party I belong — now I would perform a piece of service, and with one blow destroy all the hopes of Wallace. You female, the Lady Helen Marr, is Wallace's promised bride. Full well she knows his secret haunt, which obstinately she refuses to disclose, because his life becomes a forfeit to the insulted law of England. Now this I would advise; to Edward's court convey this haughty fair, and soon you'll find the fear of death will force her to reveal the haunt of Wallace.

Hel. To England!

Gil. Comrade, a word with you. (*They go up.*)

Hel. A prisoner to England!

Mar. Ay, to England; but remember, Helen, Wallace only lives while you are secret; betray him, and he dies.

Hel. Preserve him, Heaven!

Gil. Chieftain, we do approve your plan, and cry your mercy for having thus detained you; our duty, however, requires we should conduct you to the presence of our commander, the noble Cressingham, who has quarters hard by; there, too, we can confine our prisoner, and at break of day set forth for England.

Mar. Lead on, then; now, Helen, I may defy you. (*Slow music.* — GILBERT *and* SAULIS *seize* HELEN; *she turns to* MARIAN, *and with supplicating eye entreats mercy.* MARIAN, *however, bids them force her away. They do so, and* MARIAN *follows, exulting at her success.*)

SCENE III. — *Inside of* MADDELINE'S *Cottage. At the opening of the scene* CRESSINGHAM *and* ROBERT *are discovered at table, as if just finishing a repast* — MAUD *and* MADDELINE *attending.*

Rob. Excellent, i'faith! come, my friends, once more toast, and then to rest. Hey day! the wine is out; come, hostess, let's have another bottle.

Mad. Another bottle? why, you call for it as freely as if you paid for all you had.

Rob. Paid for it! so we do.

Mad. Indeed! brass, then, is the only coin that passes current with you.

Rob. Come, come; none of your grumbling — for wine I'll have.

Mad. Will you? then go and get it yourself. (*Music. — She takes the light, and shows them to their chamber,* R. 3 E. *On her return a knock is heard at the door,* L. F. *She appears a little surprised, but opens it.*)

Enter WALLACE, D. F. R.

Mad. (*Agitated.*) Heavens! Wallace!

Wal. What alarms you thus?

Mad. O, for Heaven's sake, fly hence with all possible speed — your life's in danger by remaining here.

Wal. What mean you? — explain.

Mad. In a word, then, this house but contains two of your greatest enemies, Cressingham and Robert Mortimer — they are but just retired to rest; so fly, I beseech you, noble Wallace, and court not danger by delay.

Wal. Be not alarmed, good Maddeline; depend on it they are safely lodged for the night.

Mad. O, trust not to that, but hence, noble Wallace, I conjure you!

Wal. Impossible! I have appointed to meet Kirkpatrick here, on business of the greatest importance, and must wait his coming.

Mad. O, no; not here — 'twill be safer at Allan Ramsay's.

Wal. From thence have I just escaped, nor can I return with safety.

Mad. Then we have no alternative. What's to be done? If, by accident, you should be seen, that dress will sure betray you. Let me see — I have it! I'll step to Duncan Gray's, and borrow a disguise; he is attached to the cause of Wallace, and may be trusted. Remain here but a few moments; I'll be back again instantly! (*Chord.* — MAUD *goes to the door, but the instant she opens it, utters a piercing shriek — she hastily closes the door as* WALLACE *and* MADDELINE *come up to her. — Music.*)

Maud. Away! away! the Southrons are at the door! (MADDELINE *quickly opens the opposite chamber door,* L. 3 E., *and the instant* WALLACE *is safe in,* SAULIS, GILBERT, HELEN, *and* MARIAN *enter,* D. F. R.)

Maud. (*On seeing* HELEN.) The Lady Helen!

Saul. What, did our presence frighten you, that you screamed so loud?

Maud. I must confess it did, nor shall I be able to recover myself yet a while.

Gil. Where is our commander?

Maud. Retired to rest, some time.

Gil. Well, well, we'll not disturb him; but here we must pass the night. Lady, this must be your prison till the morning; then either disclose the retreat of Wallace, or in King Edward's presence soon you'll stand, from whom you have nought to expect but an ignominious death.

Hel. Well I know the spirit of vindictive Edward, and expect not mercy; cease, therefore, to urge me to a deed my soul revolts at, for here, before the throne of grace I swear, not even the fear of instant death should compel me to disclose the spot where lies concealed the first of heroes and of men.

Mar. To your fate we'll leave you.

Saul. O, I warrant she'll alter her mind by the morning — a night's confinement will do much.

Mad. (*Who has got round to* HELEN.) Wallace is now in the cottage. Be not alarmed, lady, I beseech you.

Saul. Come, comrade, shall we take refreshment?

Gil. Come, old one, open your cellar door.

Mar. First give me the key, hostess, of yon cottage door.

Gil. What says our prisoner — will you join us, lady? (*She refuses.*)

Mar. Well, a cup of wine, at all events, won't harm ye. Hostess, here, take it to her. (*She takes wine.*)

Maud. (*Giving it to* HELEN.) Cheer up, lady; Wallace has escaped — I saw him drop from the window above; confide in Maud, and she will set you free.

Saul. But what shall we do with the prisoner?

Gil. Here are two rooms: suppose you confine her in one of them.

Saul. A good thought! let's examine them and see which is the best.

Mad. I beg pardon, gentlemen, but I think you will find the other best calculated for the purpose.

Gil. We must see them both.

Saul. Well, well, so we can, but let us first examine what our hostess recommends. (SAULIS *and* GILBERT *enter lower room, during which* MARIAN *goes to the door, and while locking it,* MADDELINE *points to the cloak over the table by the door that leads by steps up to the gallery — in an instant she beckons* WALLACE, *but perceiving* MARIAN *turning, she hastily closes the door.* HELEN *sees the danger* WALLACE *is in, and promptly runs to* MARIAN, *and catching hold of her arm, draws her down the stage, and by falling on her knees, as if soliciting, she attracts her attention, while* MADDELINE *has just time to let* WALLACE *out, and tell him what to do, when the instant he ascends the steps, mounts the table, and hides behind the cloak — out come* SAULIS *and* GILBERT, L. 3 E. — *by this time,* MARIAN *has refused to listen to* HELEN, *and quits her.*)

Gil. Neither of the rooms will do.

Mar. Well, the cottage door is locked, and here's the key; but to make all safe, two of us had better sit up all night.

Saul. A good thought, sir.

Gil. Well, well, that shall be settled while they lay cloth for supper. Come, come, hostess, bustle, for I am almost famished. (MAUD *and* MADDELINE *begin to lay the cloth on a small round table,* R. 1 E.) And while they lay the cloth, we'll throw and see who keeps watch to-night — there's dice in yonder room; so bring us the table standing by the stairs, and we'll decide at once. (HELEN, MAUD, *and* MADDELINE *stand confused.*)

Saul. Where are the dice, Gilbert?

Gil. You'll find them on a shelf in that room; the wine stands in a cupboard near it; bring some wine at the same time.

(*They exit,* L. 3 E.)

Come, come, my girl, let us have the table in an instant.

Maud. The table? Here, gentlemen, you can use this.

Gil. No, that will but interrupt the preparation for supper; so bring us the one that stands under the cloak, there.

Hel. Providence befriend us, or he is lost.

Maud. That table, indeed! No, no, I have set so great a value on it, I would not have it removed for worlds.

Gil. A mere excuse; so the table I'll have. Stranger, assist me.

Maud. It has borne something valuable upon it. (*Music.* — GILBERT *and* MARIAN *proceed towards the table, and are about to lay hold of it, when* MAUD *and* MADDELINE *seize hold of* GILBERT *and* MARIAN *by the arm, and drawing them back a few paces, allow just time for* HELEN *to run rapidly to the table, open the staircase door, in at which* WALLACE *darts, and closes it again, when* GILBERT *and* MARIAN *break from the hold of* MADDELINE *and* MAUD, *and rushing up to the table, they remove it in an instant.*)

Gil. Is this the table you made such a fuss about? it bears nothing valuable about it, as I can see. (*Music.* — SAULIS *and* ROBERT *return with the dice and wine, which they place upon the table.* GILBERT *gives the dice to* ROBERT, *and they begin to throw* — ROBERT *first,* SAULIS *second, and* GILBERT *third — the box is then offered to* MARIAN. *While they are throwing the dice,* WALLACE *is seen through the window, descending by means of a sheet from the window above.*)

Mar. Who threw the lowest number?

Gil. I.

Mar. Then you are my companion.

Rob. To say the truth, I rejoice to hear it, for I have had watchin enough of late.

Saul. Come, the supper's ready; let us sit and partake. (*Music.* — ROBERT *examines bottles, but finds them empty — explains to* MARIAN *he will replenish, and enters lower room to get more.* MARIAN, *being left alone, falls into a kind of revery, in which she contemplates the step she's taking.* HELEN *perceives this, and tries the effect of entreaties, which are unavailing,* MARIAN *still continuing resolute.* ROBERT *now returns with wine, and invites* MARIAN *to join him — at this in-*

stant a knocking is heard at the door — ROBERT *starts, the knock is repeated* — ROBERT *goes to the door.*)

Gil. Who's there?

Kirk. (*Without.*) A Scottish chieftain.

Gil. Your business?

Kirk. Is with your leader, Cressingham; I come to give him information where Wallace is to be found.

Hel. Gracious powers! 'tis Kirkpatrick's voice! What! he turned traitor, too? O, if he be false, then can never man be trusted! (GILBERT *has by this time opened the door;* KIRKPATRICK *advances undauntedly into the centre of the stage;* MARIAN *turns aside.*)

Gil. (R.) Now, chieftain, what would you have?

Kirk. (L. C.) An instant conference with Cressingham. (ROBERT *bows, and exit up stairs to room,* 3 E. L. H.)

Hel. O Kirkpatrick, is this your loyalty, this your love of Wallace? How am I deceived! I thought you noble, generous, brave — but find you base, disloyal, and treacherous!

Kirk. Give not loose to invectives, madam; my conduct will bear the brunt of criticism, and many will applaud, though Helen may condemn.

Enter CRESSINGHAM, 3 E. L., *followed by* ROBERT.

Cres. Chieftain, I am already acquainted with your errand here; so straight declare what of Cressingham you require, ere you disclose where Wallace is secreted.

Kirk. Few words suit Kirkpatrick best; therefore, mark me; this paper must be signed by you; it contains commands to your leader, De Warrene, to keep close within the walls of Stirling Castle till further orders reach him; also for the discharge of the undermentioned chieftains, taken prisoners at the last battle. These, together with the payment of ten thousand crowns to the bearer, form the whole conditions. Consent to my proposal, and within an hour the mighty Wallace shall appear before you.

Hel. Kirkpatrick, what is it you would do?

Kirk. A deed for which I shall deserve my country's thanks.

Cres. Kirkpatrick, I consent. (*Goes to table, and signs paper.*) There, 'tis yours; now then, for the traitor Wallace.

Kirk. 'Tis well; Kirkpatrick will keep his word. Wallace, appear! Kirkpatrick summons you! (*Horn.*)

Hel. Forbear! Kirkpatrick, have mercy! (KIRKPATRICK *blows.*) Tis done, and Wallace dies!

Kirk. Look up, lady; behold him still alive, still triumphant! (*Music.* — KIRKPATRICK *draws.* WALLACE *rushes in, armed, followed by a host of chieftains and soldiers, who seize the English party.*)

Wal. Helen, my love.

Hel. (*Shrieks.*) Wallace! (*Faints in his arms.* — *Tableau.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Dark. Interior of Mountain. Various archways leading into excavated apartments. The scene is lighted by lamps hung at different spaces from the vaulted roof. At the opening of the scene,* HELEN *is discovered sleeping on a piece of rock.* WALLACE, *standing by her, gazing with apparent pleasure, gently raises her hand, and imprinting a kiss thereon, as gently replaces it without disturbing her. — Slow music.*

Wal. Sleep on, thou heavenly maid! sweet is the repose of innocence. O Wallace, how happy art thou even in misfortune! Blessed with the full possession of a heart like Helen's, even these dreary caverns wear a face of comfort, courting you to quit forever the busy scene of life, and here sequestered live and die content. Content, said I? O, no! that joy I ne'er shall taste till my country's wrongs and thine, sweet girl, are revenged; then, if through the aid of bounteous Heaven I do achieve the glorious task, my bliss will be complete, and Wallace, with Helen for his bride, will show a pattern of felicity.

Hel. (*Waking, as if from a dream.*) O, do not take him from me! we will not part! Wallace! Wallace! help, O! (*Sinks into his arms.*)

Wal. Helen! love! awake! behold thy Wallace near you.

Hel. That voice! yes, 'tis he! he's safe!

Wal. Her whole frame is agitated! Was it a dream unnerved you thus?

Hel. O, yes! and such a one would move the stoutest heart. O Wallace! methought you were again betrayed by villains into the hands of Edward, who, rejoicing at having you in his power, condemned you unto instant death. E'en now, methinks, I see the executioner, with exulting look, dragging you to the fatal scaffold, and now the dreadful axe is raised — it falls — and Wallace is no more!

Wal. Compose yourself, dear Helen; thy Wallace lives, and is now surrounded by none but those who would readily die to save him.

Hel. Heaven grant it may be so, but once you have been deceived. (*A mournful sound of trumpets without,* L. H.) What mournful sounds are those?

Wal. It announces a traitor's doom. The chieftain who basely would have betrayed our band, and delivered you into the hands of the Southrons, is now led forth to meet his death.

Hel. Is his doom irrevocably fixed? can nothing save him?

Wal. Who is there would plead for a traitor? (*Dead march.*) But see, he approaches! (*The procession enters, conducting* MARIAN; *she walks with a firm and undaunted step. The procession halts. The* EARL OF ATHLYN *delivers to* WALLACE *the sentence of* MARIAN — *while he reads it* MARIAN *watches him with anxious eye; on* WALLACE *delivering it to* ATHLYN, *confirming the sentence, she clasps her hands together in an agony of despair, and for a while stands mute, but on* ATHLYN *telling her she must proceed to execution, she recovers herself, and rushing wildly down to* WALLACE, *falls on her knees and implores*

his mercy ; the earnestness of her pleading has a visible effect on him — he, after a struggle, dooms her to die — she rises in despair, and in a solemn manner invokes a blessing of Heaven, then rising, kneels for forgiveness, which WALLACE *bestows ; she then crosses to* HELEN, *fixes her eyes alternately on* HELEN *and* WALLACE, *kneels to her, solicits forgiveness, which on* HELEN *bestowing, she catches her hand and kisses it fervently, rises hastily, takes a ring from her finger, and placing it on that of* HELEN, *joins the hands of* WALLACE *and* HELEN *together and hurries from the scene.*)

Wal. 'Tis strange ! his extreme agitation — his joining our hands together — what can it mean ?

Hel. I know not — and see, my lord, this ring he placed upon my finger.

Wal. (*Seeing it.*) By Heavens, 'tis the same I gave to the Lady Marian ! Ah ! what thought is this that rushes across my brain ! It is — it must be so. (*Chord.* — WALLACE *rushes wildly and seizes his battle axe, strikes it against his brazen shield. The whole cavern echoes with the sound.* — *Gong.*)

Enter ATHLYN, R.

Now, Athlyn, where is your prisoner ? say ——

Ath. Already at the place of execution.

Wal. Art thou, too, deceived ? Fly, with all possible haste ! a moment's pause, and 'twill be too late. Haste ! haste ! good Athlyn, and save thy sister Marian.

Ath. Marian !

Wal. Away ! away ! delay not. (*Exit* ATHLYN, R. H., *hastily.*)

Hel. What sayest thou ? Marian !

Wal. Yes, Helen, and I blush to tell you that Marian has long been a rival of yours — long has she cherished in her bosom a hopeless passion, till despair prompted her to this act ; she now seeks by death to atone for those ills which she would have heaped on our heads. Helen, can you forget your injuries ?

Hel. O, yes, and forgive them, too ! Poor Marian ! Heaven knows I pity you ! To judge thy suffering is to feel my joy — for what Marian has lost, Helen Marr has gained.

Wal. Then are her crimes buried in oblivion. (*At that instant a horn,* U. E. R. H., *is heard to echo through the cavern.*) A horn ! again ! some signal ! what can it mean ?

Hel. No treachery, I hope.

Wal. I like it not. Be not alarmed, Helen — retire within your cave. I'll visit each secret pass ; retire, my love — I'll soon return. (*Music.* — HELEN *appears alarmed, but* WALLACE *succeeds in calming her fears, and conducts her into a side cave,* L. 2 E., *and shortly returns bearing a torch, with which he ascends the vaulted caverns, and is seen winding through the different archways, carefully examining every place ; he shortly disappears,* R. *After a long pause a piece of rock is thrown gradually back, and the* EARL OF FIFE *is seen ascending from a cave beneath,* R. H. F. *He ventures forth on the stage, and raising his torch, perceives the coast is all clear. He beckons up* MONTEITH ; *he appears ; the* EARL OF FIFE *bids him be cautious, and in case of alarm to fly*

to the vault. He then ascends the rock, and disappears at the opposite entrance to which WALLACE *went off.* MONTEITH, *being left by himself, first surveys the place, then falls into a deep revery, from which he is disturbed by the* EARL OF FIFE, *with* CRESSINGHAM, GILBERT, SAULIS, *and* ROBERT; *after an explanation of their intentions, they are disturbed by the return of* WALLACE, *who now is seen among the rocks above.* MONTEITH *perceives him, and they retire among the caves below.* WALLACE *now reaches the stage, and denotes that all is safe; he points to the cave, and expresses his determination to enter and remove the fears of* HELEN; *as he goes to the cave,* MONTEITH, *who has been gradually advancing, steps before him;* WALLACE *starts.*) Ah! Monteith!

Mon. Yes, 'tis he — and came at length to bid thee defiance Wallace, you are in my power.

Wal. Your power! traitor! slave! know you where you are? know you before whom you stand? Behold yon brazen shield; one blow shall conjure up such a host of friends as shall lay thee at my feet as humble as the dust I tread on. Therefore quit my sight, or I'll give the signal, and then your ruin is certain.

Mon. That I can prevent! behold, proud Wallace, the end of all thy boasting. Come forth, I say!

Music. — Enter all the characters.

Wal. Ah! treachery on foot! Wallace, you are betrayed! (*They seize him, and are bearing him towards the cave, when his cries bring forth* HELEN; *she screams violently; at this instant* MARIAN *enters;* WALLACE *perceives her.*) Marian! Marian, I saved your life — strike yon brazen shield and in return save Wallace. (*Music.* — MARIAN *seizes the battle axe and attempts to strike the shield, when* ROBERT *rushes down and wrests it from her.* HELEN *perceives this, and hastily snatching it from him, strikes the shield violently. Gong. The whole stage becomes filled with Scottish chieftains, &c. Lights up.*)

Kirk. Now, lady, what means this alarm?

Hel. O Kirkpatrick! the Southrons have escaped — Wallace is betrayed by villains! even now they have forced him hence their prisoner. Fly, good Kirkpatrick, to his rescue — you yet have time to save him.

Kirk. Which way, dear lady, did they quit the cavern?

Hel. Through yonder archway.

Kirk. Ay, by that pass — then our horses can follow. Away, my friends, to your leader's rescue.

Music. — The troops file off through the rocks; KIRKPATRICK *and* HELEN *are about to quit the scene, when* MARIAN *catches* HELEN'S *hand and falls on her knees;* HELEN *raises her, and stretching forth her hand, leads her from the scene.*

SCENE II. — *Part of the Court Yard of the Castle, with prison door strongly secured. The castle gate also strongly chained,* R. CRESSINGHAM, MONTEITH, ROBERT, *and soldiers enter, conducting* WALLACE, *heavily chained.* ROBERT *opens the prison door in flat.*

Mon. This castle, Wallace, must be your prison. Your confinement here, however, will not be of long duration, for at break of day you set forth for England.

Wal. For England! then there is no hope! soon will vindictive Edward wreak his dire vengeance on the head of Wallace.

Mon. Noble Cressingham, to your care I commit the prisoner; guard him carefully, for there are those who, attached to Scotland, would undertake any thing, any enterprise, to set this Wallace free.

Cres. We know the foe we have to deal with, and shall be cautious. The charge I shall leave to Robert Mortimer — 'tis a great one; therefore be vigilant.

Mon. Chieftain, farewell! I now leave you to your fate. Less ambition might have saved your life; but as it is, despair and die!

(*Exit* MONTEITH, D. F., *exulting, followed by* CRESSINGHAM.)

Wal. So, a prison, then, must be my portion; and I, who have given liberty to so many thousands, must myself become a captive. Cruel fate! when on the eve of so much happiness — with a force at my command ready to strike a blow that should have spread terror round the throne of Edward — to be betrayed thus by traitors! by my own countrymen too! O, 'tis a stroke of such cruel fortune, 'twould break the stoutest heart! I'll not despair! Providence has never yet forsaken me in the hour of distress; so hope I'll cherish, and place my trust above, conscious that Heaven will my protector prove.

(*Exit through door;* ROBERT *follows.*)

SCENE III. — *Outside of the Castle. Drums and trumpets.* MONTEITH *is seen on the battlements, marshalling the men* — ATHLYN, *at the head of the Scottish troops, rushes upon the stage bearing scaling ladders — they place them against the walls.*

Mon. (R. H. 3 E.) Kirkpatrick, withdraw your troops! Destruction will sure attend your enterprise.

Kirk. (L. H.) Think you, Monteith, the soul of Kirkpatrick is to be terrified by threats? Hence from the walls! I disdain to parley with a traitor.

Mon. Cressingham, then, is here, and his voice will speak for Monteith.

CRESSINGHAM *appears above, on the wall.*

Kirk. Noble Cressingham, the chieftain Kirkpatrick now addresses you, in order to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood. I have withheld our troops from the attack, in hopes that what we wish to gain may be accomplished without a waste of lives; so hear me, Cressingham — instantly deliver up your prisoner, the noble Wallace, and

I'll withdraw my troops; refuse my offer, that instant will I scale your walls, and without mercy put the garrison to the sword. These are the only terms we offer — so your answer.

Cres. We defy you — so do your worst!

Kirk. Enough! instantly scale the walls! (*The Scotch advance.*)

Mon. Forbear! behold our strength! (*The Scotch troops pause and retire, when* MONTEITH *and the* EARL OF FIFE *exultingly bring forth* WALLACE *on the walls.*) Now, Kirkpatrick, hear us! Behold your chieftain Wallace — he is in our power. Place but a single ladder against our walls if you dare; hesitate not, therefore, in withdrawing your troops, for I swear one hostile act of yours and Wallace dies! Mark me, I have sworn it; and thus Monteith defies you!

Wal. Now, Kirkpatrick, hear me! and if the voice of Wallace still has power, I command you observe my orders. Proudly before these walls you stand as conquerors; 'tis a duty you owe your country to avail yourself of the 'vantage you have gained. On, therefore, to the attack! deal death around, nor let my fate check your ardor! On, I say! and Wallace with his parting breath shall bless the hand that crowned his death with victory.

Enter HELEN, 3 E. R. H.

Hel. Hold, Monteith, hold! We will withdraw our troops, and, on condition of Wallace being pardoned, will submit to England's king.

Wal. Helen, forbear! such words as those will draw my curses down. Kirkpatrick, advance! I command you on your allegiance! refuse, and bear forever the name of traitor!

Hel. Heed him not, Kirkpatrick.

Kirk. I dare not hesitate; his orders shall be obeyed, but Kirkpatrick ne'er will live to see brave Wallace fall. On, clansmen, to the attack! revenge your leader's death. (*Music.*)

(*At this moment* HELEN *rushes frantically under the battlements, and seizing a chieftain's sword and a soldier's spear, hooks the sword on the spear, and the instant that* MONTEITH *is about to stab him, the sword comes within the grasp of* WALLACE — *he seizes it* — HELEN *faints, and falls into the arms of* MARIAN, *who bears her off* — WALLACE *defends himself with the fury of a lion, and soon clears the battlements — the soldiers by this time have united their scarfs together,* WALLACE *leaps from the battlements, and is safely caught — a breach is made by the battering ram — the fight becomes general —* MONTEITH *is slain by* WALLACE, ROBERT MORTIMER *by* KIRKPATRICK — WALLACE *and* HELEN *meet and rush into each other's arms, while* MARIAN *is seen imploring a blessing on them. — Grand tableau.*)

CURTAIN.

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